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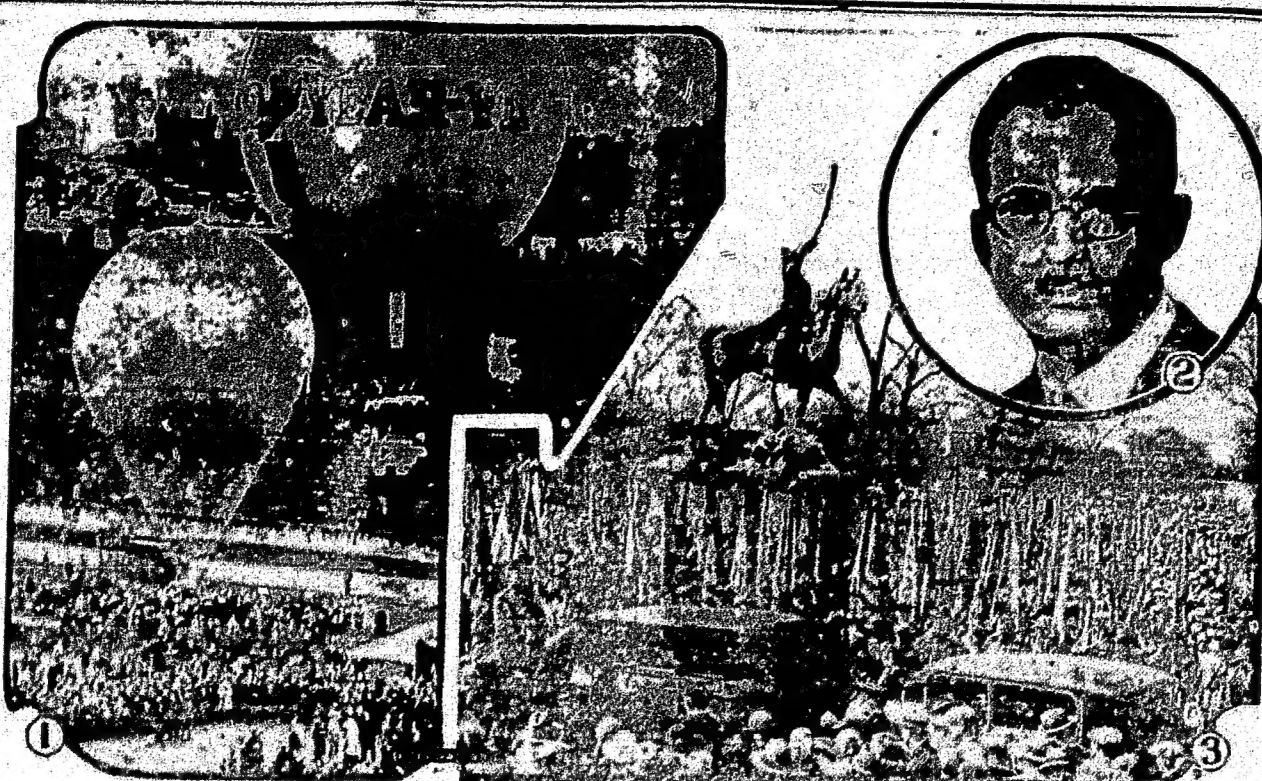
TIME TABLE

Effective April 28, 1929

EAST BOUND		A. M.	P. M.
Island Pond,		5:15	2:05
Bethel,		7:05	3:45
Gilead,		7:44	4:20
Alfred (W. Bethel),		7:54	4:30
BETHEL,		8:01	4:42
Leake's Mills,		8:10	4:52
Bryant's Pond,		8:19	5:00
Haines (W. Paris),		8:25	5:12
South Paris,		8:35	5:24
Paris (J. J.),		10:05	6:08
Bethel,		11:05	7:10
WEST BOUND		A. M.	P. M.
Portland,		7:55	5:25
Bethel (J. J.),		8:54	6:24
South Paris,		9:45	7:12
Haines (W. Paris),		10:01	7:49
Bryant's Pond,		10:14	8:04
Leake's Mills,		10:20	8:11
BETHEL,		10:30	8:23
Alfred (W. Bethel),		10:38	8:31
Gilead,		10:50	8:43
Bethel,		11:25	9:31
Island Pond,		1:29	11:26

MICKIE SAYS—

"THIS NEWSPAPER AND THE ONLY THING WE WANT TO GET IN OUR SHOP BUT WHO SAYS, BRING IN YOUR PRICES! MAKE US HUSTLE! WE LIKE IT"



1—Balloons starting from Pittsburgh in elimination race that was won by the navy bag No. 1. 2—Col. Walter S. Cole of Detroit elected president of the National Reserve Officers' association. 3—Twenty thousand Chicago Poles celebrating Kosciuszko day before the statue of the Polish-American hero in Humboldt park.

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Senate Coalition Deals a Rebuff to President in Farm Legislation.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

DEMOCRATIC and radical Republicans in the senate combined last week to deal a rebuff to the farm relief plans of President Hoover and his administration. The McNary bill was under consideration in the upper house and the elements named succeeded in inserting into that measure the export debenture scheme to which the President had declared his opposition. The senate committee on agriculture already had declared itself in favor of the plan, which the house had rejected when it passed the Hagen bill. The motion of Senator Watson of Indiana to eliminate the debenture provision from the McNary measure was beaten by a vote of 41 to 47.

Consideration of the line-up in this vote leads the unprejudiced observer to the conclusion that the supporters of the debenture plan were not necessarily sincere. Their number included all but two of the Democratic senators (Randall of Louisiana and Wagner of New York) and thirteen Republicans, nearly all of whom are classed as radicals. The Democrats had decided to make a party issue of the matter, and the radicals have a habit of opposing the "regular" Republicans. Senator Johnson of California was among those who spoke for the debenture scheme, and he could not refrain from giving Mr. Hoover some ships.

There was no doubt that the McNary bill would be passed after consideration of some suggested amendments, and it was equally certain that when it went to conference the house conferees would insist on the elimination of the export debenture provision. It was understood in Washington that President Hoover would veto the farm bill rather than permit it to become law with that plan included.

As approved by the senate the debenture provision authorizes the farm board to provide an export bounty on any of all farm products. The bounty would be equal to one-half of the existing tariff rates on the same commodity. Debentures equivalent to these rates would be issued by the Treasury department to exporters who could realize cash by selling them to importers. The debentures would be redeemable in the payment of customs duties on all kinds of imports.

PROMISING even a sharper conflict than the farm legislation, the new tariff bill was introduced in the house with the backing of the Republican majority of the ways and means committee and the united opposition of the Democratic members. The formulation of the measure, seeking to conform with the President's wish to avoid, as far as possible, ill feeling and retaliation, was by Canada and other countries. It not only raised the tariff duties on agricultural products nearly as high as the farm organizations had desired; and, according to the Democratic spokesmen, they did increase the duties so many articles which the farmer buys. Republican congressmen of the central and far western states also were dissatisfied with the agricultural features of the bill. Most duties are about doubled, and this places the farm groups, but their request for a tariff on hides was rejected. The rates on sugar are considerably increased, sugar importations from the Philippines being excepted. This brought loud wails from rich sugar producers and importers of Cuban sugar and from bottlers of canebrandy, molasses and other groups, and the farmers, as users of sugar, also objected. The bill is more inelastic than Mr. Hoover desired.

There is lacking here a summary of the bill as offered in the house. In its entirety it pleased scarcely any one, some of its clauses being of a tactical to administration purposes, even as well as to the Democrats. So it was certain that there would be a

great battle over the measure in both the house and the senate.

HARRY F. SINGLAI, oil magnate, is in the Washington jail serving out his sentence of 90 days for contempt of the senate. But still his foes are not satisfied. Maj. William Peake, superintendent of the jail, declared his noted prisoner would be given no special privileges; but Dr. Morris Hyman, the jail physician, needed a pharmacist, and as Singlai is the holder of a degree in pharmacy he was assigned to the job. This saved him from being put in the "bull gang" at the Occoquan workhouse brick factory. Then suddenly an order was issued by George S. Wilson, director of the local board of public welfare, barring newspaper men from the jail while Singlai is a prisoner there. Naturally this created something of a rumour and Senator Hoffman of Alabama took the occasion to make a speech denouncing what he called "official truckling to a millionaire criminal." Other senators admitted they were making inquiries into rumors that the oil man was receiving undue consideration, some of these rumors coming by "grapevine" from his fellow prisoners.

CONGRESSMAN M. ALFRED MICHAELSON of Chicago is "not guilty" of importing liquor into the United States from Havana. So declared the jury which heard the case against Michaelson in Key West, Fla. The government proved that the congressman and his party brought six trunks labeled with his name, that one of them leaked at Jacksonville and that two of them were found to contain liquor. But Walter Gramm of Chicago, brother-in-law of Michaelson, came to the rescue and swore that those two trunks were his and that the legislator didn't know what was in them, and Michaelson testified to the same effect. Therefore the jury brought in a verdict of acquittal. Gramm, standing on his constitutional rights, refused to tell what he had put in the trunks. Federal officials very promptly arrested the complainant brother-in-law on nearly the same charges brought against the congressman.

HOPE for an agreement on German reparations based on a plan offered by Owen D. Young, one of the American experts, is not abandoned but seems rather slim. The details of the plan have not been made public, but protests are made by England, France and Belgium, each of which fears it would suffer by the proposed revised schedule of payments. None of them is willing to have its receipts from Germany cut down, especially if the United States makes no further concessions in the allied debts due it. The British government was trying to stall off any parliamentary discussion of the matter because of the pending elections, but Chancellor of the Exchequer Churchill told the house of commons that the proposals in question would be unacceptable to the Baldwin cabinet.

CLEAR weather was vouchsafed to most of the scientists who went to the East Indies to observe the total eclipse of the sun, but the British party at Palani, Siam, saw nothing for the phenomenon was entirely obscured by clouds. At Hain, Philippine Islands, where several American groups were stationed, and on the island of Cebu, where there were others from this country, the weather conditions were excellent. The eclipse was seen for about five hours, though its totality lasted only four minutes. The astronomers and physicists learned will be made known to the world later.

THOUGH the preparatory disarmament commission in Geneva adjourned until an indefinite date later in the summer without anything having accomplished apparently definite, President Hoover expressed gratification over the "promising character" of the results obtained by the naval powers represented. Said he: "All of the principal naval powers have expressed adherence to the principles suggested by the American delegation, which include the conception of reduction instead of limitation of naval strength. They have expressed their desire for full and frank discussion and the development of the American formula into a practical step. The

manner in which these discussions are to be initiated has not yet been determined, but the question will be followed up promptly."

TRAVELING about 600 miles, from Pittsburgh to Prince Edward Island, the navy balloon No. 1, piloted by Lieut. Thomas Settle and Ensign Wilfred Bushnell, won the national elimination race and will represent America in the international contest. The navy bag was in the air about forty-four hours. For a time it was feared that the Detroit Times balloon, with E. J. Hill and Arthur G. Schlosser aboard, was lost. But after hours of travel in rain and mists it came down in a desolate region of the Adirondacks.

THERE were three pieces of news last week of especial interest to the movie fans. First, Constance Talmadge, long one of the most popular of the screen stars, became the wife of Townsend Nether, Chicago millionaire, and announced that she had retired to private life. Then Ina Claire and John Gilbert, both prominent motion picture actors, were married in Las Vegas, Nev.; but there was no intimation that either of them would quit the screen. Thirdly, Tom Mix, hero of scores of "Westerns," was indicted by a federal grand jury in Los Angeles on charges of withholding \$100,000 in income taxes and conspiring to defraud the government out of about \$75,000 in income taxes for the years 1925, 1926 and 1927. The conspiracy charge is also made against E. J. Ford, brother-in-law of Mix, and J. Marjorie Berger, Hollywood income tax counselor.

In announcing Mix's indictment federal officials intimated that similar action would follow against other prominent film performers. It was said that the government's losses from income tax frauds in the film colony have been approximately \$10,000,000 in the last few years.

WASHINGTON social circles are upset again by a revival of the Mrs. Gann controversy brought about by the action of Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth. The speaker's wife decided to conform to the decision of the foreign diplomats giving the Vice President's slater the ranking place, and for the time being those two ladies are not to be seen at the same dinner. Mrs. Gann has plenty of friends and supporters, but the wives of most of the senators and Supreme court justices are in the opposite camp. Of course, when Mrs. Gann stays away from a function, Vice President Curtis also is absent. In December President and Mrs. Hoover will entertain the cabinet members.

and their wives for the first time, and Mrs. Hoover's method of solving the troublesome problem will be viewed with greatest interest.

BERLIN'S bloody May day riots, that lasted through nearly a week, were finally ended by the vigorous efforts of the government. The Reds threatened a general strike on the day the 24 victims of the demonstration were buried, but the workers failed to heed the plea of the Communists and funeral ceremonies were not marked by further serious disorders. The government in Berlin asserts it has proof that the riots were deliberately staged by agents from Moscow and the minister of the interior read to the relishing telegrams substantiating the charge. On the other hand the Communist leaders accuse the Nationalists and Monarchists of provoking the battles with the police as a means of forcing the authorities to disband the powerful Red organization. The Communist fighters were dissolved throughout Prussian and Bavaria and in the free city of Hamburg and all their funds were confiscated.

THE University of Porto Rico sustained a severe loss in the sudden death of Dr. Albert D. Hale, professor of economic geography there for the last three years. Doctor Hale in former years was commercial attaché of the state government at Buenos Aires and later was connected with the Pan-American Union. He was an authority on Latin-American. Col. Max Bauer, chief adviser to General Ludendorff during the World war and afterward the organizer of the Chinese Nationalist armies, died in Shanghai of smallpox.

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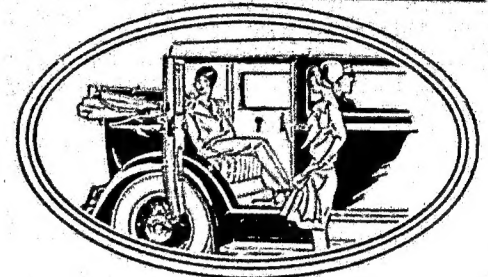
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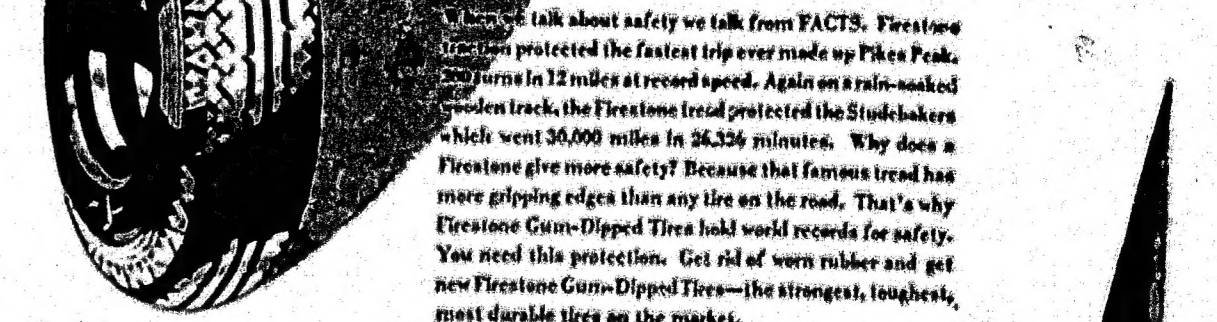
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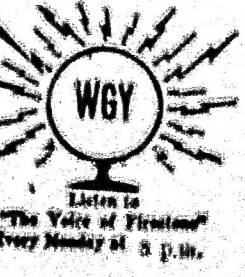
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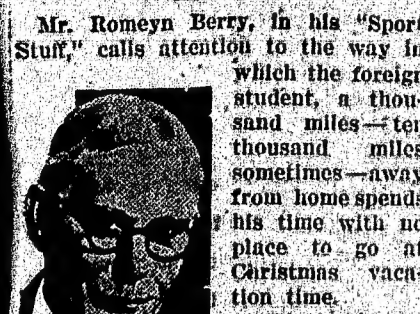
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ALONG LIFE'S TRAIL

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
Dean of Maine University of Bethel.

THE FOREIGN STUDENT



Mr. Romeyn Berry, in his "Sport Stuff," calls attention to the way in which the foreign student, a thousand miles—ten thousand miles—away from home spends his time with no place to go at Christmas vacation time.

"The little brothers over the seas," he says, "seem to be keeping their heads and tails up like spirited horses. They are doing splendidly, thank you very much. Hop Lee is playing hockey the first day he ever had skates on. The fact that Hop knocks the everlasting daylights out of himself every thirty seconds has no effect upon his super-smile. When it comes to standing the gaff the Celestial is there."

I had a very distorted idea of foreigners and foreign students when I went to college. I couldn't see the foreigner at all in spite of the fact that my father was born in England, but I never thought of him as a foreigner. One of my educated friends had married a German and I couldn't understand how she came to fall for that sort of stuff, but when I came to know him I had a new vision and a different conception of the foreigner. He was one of the most intelligent, most refined, most generous and unselfish men I have ever known.

The only Chinese I knew anything about was the illiterate coolies whose chief business seemed to be to make a weekly wreck of my all too inadequate laundry.

I have a different idea now from my almost daily contact with students from all parts of the civilized world. I have come to have the highest respect for the foreign student—for his integrity, his seriousness of purpose, his willingness to meet new conditions of living, and his high attainments while struggling with a language with which he has only a meager acquaintance. The foreign student seldom gets into either intellectual or moral difficulties.

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WRITE THAT LETTER

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SOCIETY DIRECTORY

BETHEL LODGE, No. 97, E. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall the second Thursday evening of every month. John Harrington, W. M.; Ernest E. Babes, Secretary.

PURITY CHAPTER, No. 102, O. E. S., meets in Masonic Hall the first Wednesday evening of each month. Mrs. Harriet Hall, W. M.; Mrs. Pearl Tibbels, Secretary.

MT. ABRAM LODGE, No. 31, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall every Friday evening. C. O. Demeritt, N. G.; Arthur Brink, Secretary.

SUNSET BEBEKAH LODGE, No. 44, I. O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall the first and third Monday evenings of each month. Beatrice V. Brown, N. G.; Mrs. Gertrude Boyker, Secretary.

SUBURBY LODGE, No. 22, K. of E., meets in Grange Hall the first and third Tuesdays of each month. Bernard Rolfe, C. O.; Kenneth McInnis, K. of E. and S.

NACOMT TEMPLE, No. 63, PYTHIAN SISTERS, meets the second and fourth Monday evenings of each month at Grange Hall. Mrs. Bertha Wheeler, M. E. C.; Mrs. Gertrude Wheeler, M. of R. O.

BROWN POST, No. 84, O. A. S., meets at Odd Fellows' Hall the second and fourth Thursdays of each month. A. M. Bean, Commander; J. A. Brown, Adjutant; L. N. Bartlett, Q. M.

BROWN, W. H. C., No. 34, meets in Odd Fellows' Hall the second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month. Mrs. Alice Jordan, President; Mrs. Lillie Burbank, Secretary.

GEORGE A. MUNDT POST, No. 51, AMERICAN LEGION, meets the second and fourth Tuesday of each month in its rooms. J. M. Harrington, Commander; Charles Tuell, Adjutant.

COL. C. E. EDWARDS CAMP, NO. 72, S. of Y., meets first Thursday of each month in the Legion rooms. L. A. Samson, Commander; Carl L. Brown, Secretary.

BETHEL GRANGE, No. 56, P. of H., meets in their hall the first and third Thursday evenings of each month. F. E. Russell, M. E. M. Hastings, Secretary.

Parents Teachers Association, Meeting the first Monday of each month at Grange Hall during school year. Mrs. E. E. Russell, Secretary.

Grange School, during school year meets in Grange Hall. Mrs. E. E. Russell, Secretary.

Just Beyond the Hill

By JOHN SMITH

(Copyright.)

FROM her tiny room in the upper half story of the old farmhouse, Sarah for years had looked out across her father's acres to the hills beyond. "What lies on the other side?" No body knew how often or how bitterly Sarah had asked the question.

For Sarah was nearly thirty and no one had ever said to her, "Come, beloved, put your hand in mine and we will go see what lies beyond those hills."

Any hands that Sarah might have clasped belonged to the stolid, grim sons of the soil who lived in the neighborhood and whose one ambition was to "wing out of their forbears' land all the living they could. The one of them who had himself known similar yearnings had indeed gone beyond the hills but he had never come back, much less shown any desire to hold any girl's hand—at least so far as Sarah knew.

However, Sarah at last was going herself. Little by little her chicken and butter money, hoarded for years, had grown into a sum large enough to pay her fare to the city some hundred miles away and to support her for a time until she could find work. Sarah's hopes were fixed on securing a position with a millinery or dress-making business. She was a skilled needlewoman.

A week—three weeks—a month in the city went by. And she had found nothing. It was during a moment of despair—yes, and of unconfessed homesickness—that she dropped into a drug store and looked up the name of John Hobbart, who had come to the city two years ago.

When she had found it she acted upon some hidden impulse and called him.

"It's Sarah Brownell," she said, and because she became suddenly amazed at what she had done, she felt impelled to give some reason for her action. "Your friends in Bakerton wanted to be remembered to you, John. I have left there for good, too."

She heard John saying politely that he would like to see her, to get news of the hometown folks. How about Thursday evening? Would that be convenient for her?

Perhaps the telephone call brought Sarah good luck. At any rate, the following day she landed a job. Not a very lucrative one, but one with the excellent firm of Fritz & Willard, with opportunity for promotion later on.

It gave her a feeling of assurance. Thursday evening when John came to be able to tell him that she was employed.

Two years had greatly changed John. His eyes carried a tired look that she had not remembered. His shoulders drooped. Yet he told her he was doing very well. A good position, a good salary.

"It's a wonderful thing," cried Sarah with shining eyes, "to have shaken the dust of Bakerton from our feet!" John looked at her quickly. "You feel that way?" he asked.

"I certainly do!" said Sarah firmly. She made him coo on the tiny and plate and cinnamon-toast. He said he would like to come again.

The winter passed quickly. With the advent of spring Sarah began to feel very tired. The confinement indoors and the lack of exercise had taken all her fine color. John, too, looked worn but Sarah long ago had found out why John, for all his position and his salary, was continually worried.

There was a girl. Had been a girl for some time. Little by little Sarah found out about her. John had thought he loved her in the beginning, taken in by her smart, sophisticated city ways. They had become engaged and presently John had found out that he didn't care for her at all. But the girl—Tessie, her name was—still clung. She was fond of John's spending power.

John asked Sarah's advice and, in the course of conversation, blurted out something which took her completely aback. "I made a mistake when I left the farm. Some can stand the noise and hustle and indoors of city life. But I was meant for the country. I get so I stand at my window and I imagine where the hills lie and I wish I could go to the other side."

Sarah was very still for a moment. Then she clasped her hands like a child. "There's your answer, John. Tell Tessie you have decided to go back to farming. Take it for granted she will go, too. Then see what happens!"

She didn't see John for a week. Then he burst in one evening looking as she had never seen him look before. Radiant, shoulders thrown back.

"You're a clever girl, Sarah. Tessie threw me down for the floorwalker like a child drops a thistle!"

Then he grabbed her hands. "I say, Sarah, isn't there any chance you'd go back with me as—my wife?"

Sarah's eyes widened. Go back? To the country? Then her mouth trembled and her hands remained in his. After all, it didn't matter much which side of the hills you were on—it was whether someone you loved was leaning you!

Truculent

"That fellow is very argumentative," said John. "I don't know what he's got against me, but he's a real trouble."

GROVER HILL

True Brown has been putting up some wire fencing. Ernest Mundt and Miss Ina Potter were recent guests of friends in Gorham, Maine.

Cleve Waterhouse was at home with his family at Cobblestone over Sunday. J. Burton Abbott helped Alfred Pease do some farm work the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Stearns and son were calling on friends at Bryant Pond Sunday.

Mrs. Frances Whitman is with Mr. and Mrs. Clyde L. Whitman at the farm. Miss Ina Potter from Locke's Mills was the week end guest of Mrs. F. A. Mundt and family.

Jim Spiney from Bethel called on his aged mother, Mrs. Eliza Spiney, and other relatives Sunday forenoon. A family from Bethel is occupying Harry A. Lyon's bungalow while engaged in peeling pulpwood at the farm.

Karl J. Stearns was in Rumford on business Wednesday afternoon. Ernest Mundt and his mother, Mrs. Bertha Maguire, called on relatives at Rumford Point, Monday evening.

HANOVER

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hastings and daughter, Virginia, of East Bethel, attended church services held at Union Hall, Sunday. Appropriate exercises were given by the Sunday School, in observance of Mother's Day, followed by a sermon by Rev. L. A. Edwards of Bethel.

The scholars in the Hanover school having 100% in Spelling for the week ending May 10th were: Mary Stearns, Harold Eagle, Chester McPherson and Herman Richardson. Those having 90% or above: Alpha Powers, Richard Brown, Louise Brown and Ruby McPherson.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Brown, Richard and Louise, have returned home after a week's outing at their camp at Howard Lake.

Chester Cummings has a new Chevrolet coach.

Addison Saunders attended the Comrades of the Way meeting at Portland Saturday.

Mrs. Edna Dyke and Doris Worcester have gone to the Lakes where they have employment for the summer.

Freda Worcester was home from Farmington Normal over the week end. Mrs. L. B. Barker has gone to her son's in South Paris.

Mrs. Fred Wight and Catherine Hat elms were callers in town one day last week.

EAST BETHEL

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Noyes were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Burton Abbott of Grover Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Blake's Sunday company were Mr. and Mrs. George Swan and family, Levander Mitchell and family of Dixfield, Mr. and Mrs. Otho Reed and children of Houghton and Delbert Rand of Dixfield.

Mrs. Edna Bartlett Bean was a week end guest of her mother, Mrs. Carrie Bartlett, and family.

Miss Lillian Harrington, who is working at Locke's Mills spent Sunday at Dana Harrington's.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Swan are spending a week or two with Everett Mitchell and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Burehard Russell and Cedric of Rumford were Sunday guests of Porter Farwell and family.

Mrs. Edna Bartlett spent the day, Thursday with Mrs. Mary Kimball.

Mrs. May Kimball is this week's guest of her daughter, Mrs. Norman Sanborn at Bethel.

The East Bethel Farm Bureau ladies held an interesting meeting Friday with Miss Braeden in charge. The subject was Clothing Construction III. Two dresses were cut by the patterns made at the second clothing meeting and two dresses which were cut at home were fitted by Miss Braeden.

Seventeen women and three children enjoyed the delicious dinner of American chop suey, vegetable salad, oatmeal bread, fruit jello with whipped cream, and coffee.

Just before the business meeting, a maybasket was hung Miss Braeden, which contained a pyrex casserole in a silver frame and a pyrex cake plate.

Plans for the baby clinic to be held in June were discussed by all and it was decided to have an all day meeting, then, holding the clinic in the forenoon and have some other subject in the afternoon.

The Lucky Clover Sewing Club held a meeting Saturday afternoon. Seven members were present during the judging contests and the other four members will judge later. The material for the pillow slips having come the nine pair of slips were cut and six pairs were commenced at the meeting. The two first year girls forgot to bring their apron patterns so did no sewing. Miss Plummer, the County Club Agent, will meet with the club girls June 1, and give a darning demonstration. Eight members, the leader, and three visitors were present. It is hoped that all can attend the next meeting.

EAST WATERFORD

Mr. Earl Millett is keeping books for Arthur Tucker at the corn shop. Leon Bean is at work for Sidney Hatch at Fryeburg.

Joe Millett has finished work for R. B. Pinkham. Callers at L. E. McIntire's Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Hollis Doughty and two boys; Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Pinkham, and Mona Littlefield.

Joseph Haskell returned home Saturday after helping Fred Littlefield, two days.

Mr. and Mrs. Omar Moxey and two boys Sherlin and Roy returned home from Yarmouth after spending a few days there.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Young and three children and Mrs. Alice Kneeland called at Roland Littlefield's Sunday.

Ruth Millett is helping Mrs. Carlton Millett with her house work. Henry Rolfe has taken a job carpentering for Arthur Tucker.

SOUTH ALBANY

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Kimball were week end guests at their homes in this place.

Donald Brown called at James Kimball's Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Fullerton returned to their home on Wednesday from Mass. They went to Portland Thursday where they have employment for the season.

Roy Wardwell recently installed the Albany telephone for Rev. B. F. Wentworth.

Ivan Kimball is spending a few days in Portland.

Miss June Brown was home over the week end.

Miss Mary Pride spent the week end in Norway.

E. E. Cross from Portland was a week end guest of his aunt, Mrs. James Kimball.

Robert Hill has a crew peeling pulp.

IF YOU NEED

Letterheads Cards
Invitations Folders
Statements Circulars
Envelopes Billheads

or anything else in the printing line, come in and see us.

FEED THE BEST

There are no dairy feeds made which will give better long time results than "Amco 20% or 24% Dairy Feeds" and few as good. Prices right too.

BETHEL AMCO SERVICE STORE
Railroad Street

Stomach Disorders First Revealed by Coated Tongue

Your tongue is nothing more than the upper end of your stomach and intestines. It is the first thing your doctor looks at. It tells at a glance the condition of your digestive system—and physicians say that 90% of all sickness starts with stomach and bowel trouble.

A coated tongue is a danger signal of those digestive disorders which lead to so many kinds of serious illness. It tells why the least exertion tires you out; why you have pains in the bowels, gas, sour stomach, dizzy spells.

Coating on the tongue is a sign that you need Tanlac—the medicine which has helped thousands who were physical wrecks from stomach and bowel troubles—who had "tried everything" in vain and about given up hope.

Tanlac contains no mineral drugs; it is made of herbs, roots and fruits. Get a bottle from your druggist today. Your money back if it doesn't help you.

Tanlac
52 MILLION BOTTLES USED

24,000 FARMERS IN SURVEY DECLARE FERTILIZER PRICES ONLY "AVERAGE"

Their Answers to Questions Show That Most Farmers Think Price Not High.

"As compared to other things, do you consider fertilizer low, average or high in price?"

This question was answered last summer by over 45,000 farmers in 35 states.

It was one of 50 asked by representatives of the National Fertilizer Association in an attempt to find out just what the farmer himself thinks about fertilizer, how he uses it to make money, and how the fertilizer companies may further improve their chemical plant food and their service so the farmer may make more money.

While it is only human nature for farmers or buyers of any product to feel that prices are high, nevertheless over half of the 45,000 farmers who answered this question said they think the price of fertilizer is only "average."

Seven per cent, or an average of 7 out of each 100 farmers who were interviewed, said the price is "low." Nearly 25 per cent, or 25 out of 100, said it is "high." The remaining 7 out of 100 did not express an opinion on this question.

Fertilizer Prices Low. The Association points out that, according to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, fertilizer actually is the cheapest important supply the farmer buys, with the exception of seeds, which are 1 per cent lower.

Prices of complete fertilizer are gathered from all over the country by the Association. An average of these shows that fertilizer is only slightly higher now than before the war. The Association finds that the price has been kept reasonable despite the phenomenal jump in wages of factory employees, which have doubled since pre-war, and an increase of 30 per cent in incoming and outgoing freight, which makes up about one-fourth of the price of fertilizer. Notwithstanding these important increases in the manufacturer's cost, fertilizer prices at the factory average only 9 per cent above their pre-war level.

Though the prices of farm products have been low, the price of fertilizer is relatively still lower. For instance, according to the latest available figures of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, cotton and cottonseed are 40 per cent above pre-war levels.

The names of 45,000 farmers and their answers to 2,400,000 questions are contained in this pile of questionnaire books, each of which contains replies of 50 farmers.

and vegetables are 11 per cent above; dairy products are 41 per cent above; poultry products are 59 per cent above; meat animals are 50 per cent above; grains are 42 per cent above, and the average price of all farm products is 36 per cent above. In contrast, fertilizer prices at the factory average only 9 per cent above pre-war.

Reports of the U. S. Department of Agriculture also show that the farmer pays an average of 55 per cent more than before the war for all the commodities he buys. This is further proof that commercial fertilizer, being only 9 per cent above, is relatively inexpensive as compared to the cost of other things the farmer buys.



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Helps Whole Community. When it is remembered that fertilizer returns to the farmer an average of about \$3 for each dollar invested, and that high yields are necessary if the cost of production per pound of cotton or tobacco is to be reduced, then it seems logical that the farmer should use more and better fertilizer so he can make more money on his crops this year.

In addition, it is emphasized that the more fertilizer used in this community, the greater will be the return to the farmer, which gives more business to the local merchant, to the banker and to all who do business with the farmer, thus increasing the general prosperity of the community.

It costs very little to recondition a MODEL T FORD

THE Ford Motor Company is making a new car, but it is still proud of the Model T. It wants every owner of one of these cars to run it as long as possible at a minimum of trouble and expense.

Because of this policy and because of the investment that millions of motorists have in Model T cars, the Ford Motor Company will continue to supply parts as long as they are needed by Ford owners.

So that you may get the greatest use from your Model T, we suggest that you take it to the nearest Ford dealer and have him estimate on the cost of any replacement parts that may be necessary.

You will find this the economical thing to do because a small expenditure now will help to prevent costlier repairs later on, increase the value of the car, and give you thousands of miles of additional service.

For a labor charge of only \$2.60 you can have your generator put in first-class condition. A new universal joint will be installed for a labor cost of \$3. Overhauling the carburetor costs \$1.50; steering gear, \$3.50; radiator, \$7.50. A complete overhauling of the rear axle assembly runs between \$5.75 and \$7 for labor. An average price of \$22.50 covers the overhauling of the motor and transmission.

These prices are for labor only because the need and number of new parts depend on the condition of each car. The cost of these parts is low, however, because of the Ford policy of manufacturing and selling at a small margin of profit.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY



HERRICK BROS. CO.
Ford Sales and Service
Bethel, Maine

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
AT BETHEL, MAINE
CARL L. BROWN, Publisher
Entered as second class matter, May 7, 1909, at the post office at Bethel, Maine.

Cards of Thanks, 75c. Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00. Reading notices in town items, 10c per line.
All matter sent in for publication in the Citizen must be signed, although the name of the contributor need not appear in print.
Single copies of the Citizen are on sale at the Citizen office and are sold by W. E. Baxerman, Bethel; Stanley and Donald Brown, Bethel; Lawrence Perry, West Bethel; Gordon Chase, Bryant Pond; Eille Cummings, West Paris; Carl Swan, Jr., Locke Mills; Stevens Pharmacy, South Paris.

THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1929

THE TOWN DOCTOR

(The Doctor of Towns)

AUTOMOBILE PARKING IS VITAL TO COMMUNITY BUSINESS

The parking situation is a serious problem in every city, town and village in the country.

It is not always the fault of the present generation that many communities have horse and buggy thoroughfares, and seldom can an increase of parking space in the business section be created fast enough to keep up with the ever-increasing number of automobiles. At the same time, the amount of retail business done in a community and the amount of business to be derived from motor traffic depend to no little degree upon the amount of available parking space.

A given block can accommodate only so many automobiles—an adjacent lot has a given capacity and no more. Therefore it is a problem of two things—turnover of space or getting more cars in and out of one space in a given length of time and eliminating the dead-end or non-business productive cars that occupy the available space.

The first is a matter of a parking time limit, requiring a city ordinance taking into consideration that the specified time limit is equitable; such an ordinance is only as good as enforced. The second is a matter of common, everyday business judgment and foresight and cooperative fairness by and among the business people and citizens in general, and in this way the parking space of most communities can be, figuratively speaking, increased all the way from ten to twenty per cent.

In a recent survey of parking conditions in a midwestern city, it was learned that of the parked cars in the

A Great War Hero

Here is a story of gallantry and heroism—of Count Felix von Luckner, who disrupted Allied shipping on two oceans, gambling with his own life many times, but without taking that of anyone. Lowell Thomas, who writes his story, says he is the most romantic and mysterious figure produced by the Central Powers, in the World War; one fit to stand alongside of that other great figure of Thomas' recounting, Lawrence of Arabia. Do not miss the story, "COUNT LUCKNER, THE SEA DEVIL."

APPEARING AS A SERIAL IN THE CITIZEN DO NOT MISS IT.

If you are not now a subscriber of The Citizen and it is not convenient to buy of one of our dealers or news boys, USE THE COUPON BELOW to avoid paying a number while this serial is running.

THE CITIZEN, Bethel, Maine.

Enclosed find 25 cents for a Three Months subscription to the Citizen to be sent to the following address.

Name _____
Address _____

BETHEL AND VICINITY

(Continued from page 1)

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Merrill and family of Mason were Sunday guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Clough.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Sherwood of Bethel, Mass., were guests of Mrs. Lena Wright and family one day last week.

New Columbia and Harmony Records, Edw. P. Lyon.

Mrs. Myron Lord and two children of North Waterford spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Herrick.

Alton Gott and Fitzmaurice Vail have gone to Wilson Mills for the summer where they will work for Perley Flint.

Mrs. W. R. Patterson is in the Deaconess Hospital in Boston. Rev. W. H. Patterson is spending the week with relatives in Boston.

Prof. W. R. Chapman has purchased the building occupied by the First National store on Main Street and the Leslie Davis house on Church Street.

Mrs. C. D. Manny of Newcastle, N. B., is visiting her mother, Mrs. A. F. Copeland, at the home of Miss Mary Cross, "The Summit," Arlington, Mass.

Cellini Left Record of Cave-Man Savagery

Benvenuto Cellini was an unusually turbulent person even for his turbulent times, but his celebrated autobiography, where he describes several murders by his hand, leaves us in no doubt about the general state of society in respect of civilized personal relationships.

The Louvre contains a much-admired bronze relief with the figure of a nymph that Benvenuto made in Paris for King Francis I of France. The young lady who posed for this figure had an unruly tongue. "And she kept saying so much that she fed me beyond the bounds of reason; and giving myself a prey to fury, I took her by the hair and dragged her about the room, administering to her so many kicks and blows that I was tired out."

He presently repented, because he did not know where to find another model so well suited to his purpose. "Seeing her so torn, bruised and swollen, I thought that even if she did return to me, she must of necessity be treated for 15 days before I could make any use of her."

"I sent a woman servant of mine to help her dress, which servant was an old woman called Ruberta, a most kindly creature. She anointed with cooked bacon fat those severe bruises which I had given Caterina, and the remainder of the fat that was left over they ate together." So peace, of a sort, was reestablished.

Concerning the offspring of another young lady model, Benvenuto writes, with beautiful casualness: "As far as I remember, this was my first child."—Will Payne in the Saturday Evening Post.

Appropriate Designation
"Amerind" is a telescopic word composed of the first syllables of "American" and "Indian" and is a general term used to designate the races of man who inhabited the New world before the arrival of Europeans. It was suggested in 1890 by Maj. J. W. Powell, director of the bureau of American ethnology, who advocated it as a convenient substitute for the numerous awkward and inappropriate terms applied to the aborigines of America. "Amerind" is pronounced "am-er-in-din" with the accent on the first syllable.

Down town area, the check being made in the morning, at noon and in the late afternoon, 23% of the available parking space was occupied continuously from morning to night by the same cars 81% of which were owned by local business and professional people—two merchants having two cars each for the full day; also that the average parking time per car was two and one-half hours; therefore, each car parked continuously deprived three and one-fifth customers of the space to park. In other words, the merchants in this town, by their carelessness, thoughtlessness or for their own convenience, were driving a fifth of their trade away. At the same time, this survey proved that in many cases local merchants had ample parking space at the rear of their stores, some of whom had available garage space, unoccupied.

The majority of the merchants in this town complained of lack of business or stated that could "stand" more business—many "cried" about business when they could, by a little thinking plus a very small amount of effort and inconvenience, automatically make possible an increase in business of from 15% to 30% for themselves and the community.

You cannot expect business from your trade area, from other towns or from motor traffic if you do not provide a place for potential customers to park their cars as a means to get to your city.

And remember, if your community, your town, doesn't do it, some other town will and the town that does it will get the business.

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JEFF'S WIFE'S JUDGMENT

(By D. J. Walsh.)

CAROLINE HALL had nearly cried her eyes out over Mrs. Madison's party. She had good reason for crying, too. For the affair was given in honor of Mrs. Grover Mead. Mrs. Mead had been Alice Hart. And Alice Hart had been engaged to Caroline's husband whom she had thrown over for the snappy out-of-town young man whose widow she now was. Grover Mead had left a lot of money. After a year of travel she had come to her old home town for a visit. She was making a sensation. The women who had been cooking, scrubbing, raising children and humoring their husbands while Alice was touring the continent felt that a disturbing element had entered into their midst.

Caroline hated to go to the party, but Jeff insisted. Usually Jeff was reluctant to go any place. When his day's work was done he loved to loaf about home, digging in the garden if the weather was warm, sitting with his feet on the register, reading if it was cold. To make matters worse for Caroline, he said: "I want to see Alice, talk over old times with her. She ought to be a swell looking woman. She was certainly the prettiest girl this burg ever turned out."

"I'll have to have a new dress for the party," Caroline said.

"All right. We'll get you one." Jeff always went with Caroline when she bought her clothes. On that account she usually shopped Saturday night. They always went to the same department store. And they always bought the same style of dress for Caroline, dark blue or so that, with enough fullness in it to permit of its being made over. There was an unwritten law that Jeff had good judgment about such matters and Caroline next to none. Therefore, it was Jeff who selected the new rug, the new wallpaper, coal, linoleum for the kitchen, groceries, shoes and paint as well as his wife's clothes. He had a conservative taste in color. He always looked through a bit of wool goods, discrediting it as shoddy if it did not fulfill certain requirements which he considered indispensable. Not that he was stingy. He wanted his family to have as much as other men's families. But he had an idea that what was good enough for his mother was good enough for his wife. In that way he was just twenty-years behind the times.

Caroline was a tall, slim woman of thirty-nine with a full head of yellowish hair, a faded skin and blue eyes. When she put on a dark blue dress, a black hat, or a black silk stockings and low-heeled oxford shoes she looked dull and uninteresting. And she felt just the way she looked. That is what one's integument does to the soul, it imprisons. A dull, decorous woman was what Caroline's neighbors thought her; no snags, no get-up-and-get to her. How on earth had big husky Jeff been attracted by her? Of course she was a fine housekeeper, always ready to do her share in the community, but stupid—terribly stupid.

Saturday night Jeff and Caroline went downtown to get her new dress. The elderly saleswoman who always waited upon them knew exactly what Jeff wanted for his wife. She brought out a dark blue crepe. Caroline put it on. It was a bit large and it came to her ankles. But Jeff thought it looked well enough just as it was. He paid for it with the comfortable spirit of a man who has just paid \$25 for what he considers an excellent bargain.

As they came out of the store a lighted sedan passed at the curb. It was Jim Madison's car and his wife and their guest, Mrs. Mead, were in the back seat. Caroline glimpsed a sparkling, colorful, dazzling combination of style, beauty and make-up that was Alice Mead. She heard Jeff gasp. Her heart seemed to vanish, leaving a sickening vacuum in her chest.

The party was scheduled for Monday night. Everybody was talking about the dourish May Madison was making, ordering ice cream and lobster from the city. Peel, the florist, had cut every flower he could find in his greenhouses. The electric light company had put up special wiring.

Between Saturday night and two o'clock Monday afternoon Caroline Hall did a tremendous amount of thinking. And she suffered a tremendous amount of misery. First of all, she was jealous. She knew that Jeff had married her at a time when he needed a wife badly; his mother had just died leaving him with two small brothers. She knew that he had it worse regretted losing Alice. He was a kind husband, a good provider, but he was not affectionate. As far as she knew, Caroline had never aroused in him one spark of romantic interest. He had always been sure of her. Their marriage was established, an eventful. If she had not loved him so well she could not have endured her life.

She agonized up in two o'clock Monday afternoon. Then desperation gave her the power to act. She seized hat and coat, got into the car which she drove fairly well and raced down town. This time she did not go to the store of her choice. She parked outside the small shop where all the pretty girls went. She went into that shop, trembling, her purse, which held every cent she could call

her own, clutched in one cold, damp hand.

That night Jeff found supper a bit late. Caroline was heading over the kitchen range reasoning the stew when he entered. She wore a blue cap and he mentally commented that she had her hair done upon kink-pins for the party.

"Will I have time to shave before supper?" asked Jeff.

"Just about time," Caroline replied quietly.

There was nothing unusual about their bedroom or the bathroom. But the guest chamber could have told another story. There was where Caroline dressed while Jeff, shaved, dressed and well fed, lost himself in a book downstairs while he waited for her to descend.

When he heard her step on the stairs he jumped up, grabbed hat and ulster and ran to get the car out. Caroline sat alone on the back seat. They stopped for Tom and Eleanor Hanson. Arrived at the Madison house the two couples went in together. Jeff didn't look at his wife. He was thinking of the bright vision that had suddenly appeared in his office that afternoon for the purpose, as she said, of just saying howdy to him. Maybe in a strong light Alice did show that she had lost some of her looks, but she was still a hummer for style.

Jeff and Tom Hanson were waiting for their wives to come downstairs when Jeff saw in the long mirror opposite him a sight that startled him. Not Alice. Alice was dark. This woman was deliciously fair. Her shingled hair enhanced probably by golden glow, was a gleaming wavy mass of beauty. Her brows were arched, her face youthful, her eyes dreamy. Her shoulders and arms were white as snow. And her dress—green, scintillant like a dragon-fly's wing, clipped off at the knee to show slim legs, buckled slippers with preposterously high yet graceful heels. Round her neck was a string of pearls, on her left wrist glittered a circle of precious stones—culled at the 6 and 10, but Jeff had to learn this.

"Love Mike!" he heard Tom gasp. "Look at Caroline!"

Yes, it was Caroline, but a Caroline Jeff had never thought existed. This Caroline was cool, confident, a bit fiery. The men surged toward her, away from Alice Mead, who bit her lip, tossed her head and laughed at the desertion.

At one o'clock Jeff and Caroline returned home. He put his hands on her shoulders, drew her under the chandelier to look at her.

"Just to see if the same thing happened to you that happened to Cinderella," he said.

Caroline, still undimmed from her triumph, laughed.

"Confess, you showed good judgment in picking me out, Jeff, dear," she said.

The light she had so long looked for in ruin was in Jeff's eyes.

"You showed better judgment when you picked out these clothes," he said gallantly.

Homeless Children of Russia Pitiful Sight

A little ghostlike white figure edges his way into the crowded railway waiting room at Batum, Georgia, between my tall and swarthy fellow passengers, who are clad in fur, tall boots and odd felt caps. It proves to be a tiny, delicate-looking boy, perhaps eight years old, barefooted, although the thermometer is barely above freezing point, and wearing only a ragged suit of adult underwear, so loose that he must cling to it to keep it from dropping off.

Most tragic of all, in spite of his pale, pinched features, he seems to be happy, and laughs merrily as he picks up the few kopecks thrown to him. He is only one of the great army of unhappy orphans left by the famine of 1921. I am told they number 500,000, and have reverted to a condition approaching that of wild animals.

It is impossible to keep them in school and institutions. They wander in herds, like some nomadic pest, the length and breadth of Russia. At first they appear by ones and twos, like skulking assassins; then whole armies follow, only to vanish as suddenly as they came. In the winter they gather in southern Russia, particularly in the Crimea and the region around Batum.

On my journey through the Caucasus I saw hundreds of these unfor-

lunate wraiths. In Batum they were no longer white specters, but as black as pitch. Their faces, hands, feet and the scanty rags they wore were saturated with soot and oil. I supposed at first that they were employed in some capacity in the petroleum fields. But they never work—they beg. They will never in their lives do useful labor; they have become incurable mendicants.

But they sleep nights in the fire holes—under the asphalt boilers which are scattered all over Batum, which retain warmth enough to protect them from the winter's frost. One night I saw two little fellows sleeping curled up inside an empty asphalt kettle. No wonder they are black.

A swarm of the little vagabonds accompanies us on the running boards and trucks of the train. At every station they jump off, beg, or gambol around like clowns in their rags. As soon as the train starts again they resume their places on the buffers and running boards. They also crowd the trains going the opposite way. But when the tea plantations and the mimosa and almond trees drop behind us, they vanish like the mist.—Bernhard Kellermann in Berliner Tageblatt.

SAFETY SLOGANS

Luck may live with you for many years or it may desert you today. Don't depend on it.

He didn't heed the traffic cop. But raced ahead pell-mell. The doctor told the sexton. And the sexton tolled the bell.

EVERYBODY READS THE CLASSIFIED ADS

Your advertisement in this column will bring big returns. Hundreds of people have proved this.

Dr. Elmer I. Whitney

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN

Office over Rowe's Store

Bethel

Phone 122

Wednesdays and Thursdays

Make Appointments with H. C. Rowe

When should I PAINT my HOUSE?

RIGHT NOW, sir! Not only because spring is the time for general housecleaning and redecorating, but also because it's the best time of year to paint. The paint gets many months to harden before the severe winter weather comes.

Bay State Liquid House Paint is best for resisting the ravages of weather. It also lasts longer, covers better, and takes fewer gallons per job. Come in and let us show you why.

D. Grover Brooks
BETHEL, MAINE
THE PAINT SERVICE STATION

WHITNEY
Got a good stock of
MONUMENTS and HEADSTONES
Will sell for less than you can buy elsewhere.
E. E. WHITNEY
BETHEL

Fred S. Brown
Dry Goods - Garments - Kitchenware
NORWAY, MAINE
Smart new ensembles in all silk and silk dresses with wool coats. They are most popular right now of any costume.
ALL SILK ENSEMBLES—white and pastel dresses with printed jackets, printed dress with plain silk jackets. Many of the dresses are sleeveless. Georgettes—washable crepes—rajahs. Priced \$10.00 and \$15.00.
THE LATEST Development in ensemble costumes is the three piece covert coat and skirt with silk blouse. They come in tans, greens, navy and black—silk blouses to match. These are smart and only \$24.75.
GIRLS' WASH DRESSES. The "Lois" wear" make of dresses that are nothing but guaranteed fast color materials—sized 2 years up to 16 year sizes. The fabrics are English prints, voiles, lawns and muslin weaves. All bloomers styles up to 10 years. Price \$1.75, \$1.95 and \$2.95.
NEW SPORT WEAR COATS in the mixtures that are so practical and popular this season. Tailored styles, good lining throughout. Special values in sizes 14 up to 28—priced only \$12.50. Other sport or travel coats at \$16.50, \$19.50, \$24.75.

NEWRY CORNER

William Holt of East Bethel was in town last week.

E. E. Aronault has purchased a new small tractor.

Mr. Smith, salesman for Winslow & Russell of Auburn, was in town recently.

An agent for The Farm Journal was in town Monday getting subscribers.

Gene Van was in town one day the week repairing telephones.

The State Highway Commissioners the Selectmen of Newry were in conference here May 6th in regard to building of Bear River bridge. It is expected that operations will begin in near future.

Mr. and Mrs. Abel Arsenault and Gallant and family of Bethel were at the home of M. E. Arsenault.

Representative of the White Sewing Machine Company was in town Friday.

Fernald's Mill, Albany

Mr. John McAllister and Mrs. Lizzie Logan spent the day with Mrs. Carrie Logan recently.

Wendall Barker began work in the Monday morning.

Hayton Penley spent Sunday at his home.

Carrie Logan was in Bethel recently.

Mr. and Mrs. John McAllister and Lizzie Logan were in Lovell Sunday, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Waterhouse.

Wendall Barker was a Sunday guest of Carrie Logan's.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Heath spent Sunday at their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Alister's.

George Logan spent the day with Mr. Lapham recently.

LAKEWOOD OPENING TO BE GALA EVENT

In anticipation of record crowds next Monday night, Lakewood is undergoing a series of intensive beauty treatments which will have the resort in trim shape for the event. A large road construction gang will have put the road between Skowhegan and Lakewood in perfect shape by the end of this week, and, barring prolonged rains, this highway will be in mid-season condition.

The Tarvin surface applied to this road last summer protected it from any serious breaking up this spring, and, except for a few short stretches, it has suffered no serious damage. These spots, however, have been repaired and a new coat of Tarvin will be applied shortly.

Lakewood has never been in such fine condition for an opening as this season. The grounds and roads into and about the grove have been kept in good form; the lawns have been mowed and raked; trees and shrubs have been planted, and a large crew is putting in the finishing touches.

Since last Monday the Lakewood Players have been busily rehearsing "Pomeroy's Past," the Clara Kummer comedy which will start the theatre season in fine spirit. Director Samuel T. Godfrey is greatly enthused about the cast and the opening play, hearing out the management's claim that it had assembled the finest opening company in Lakewood's long and distinguished history. The actors, themselves, look forward eagerly to the opening night, and, to use a popular Western expression, "are rarin' to go." There are particularly good reports about the newcomers, who are making their first appearance in this state.

The seat sale for the opening night has passed all previous records and there is every indication that a capacity audience will be on hand to welcome in the 1929 season. There is a brisk sale for subsequent performances and inquiries concerning the season are pouring in from all parts of New England.

There are to be no formalities the opening night, and the Lakewood Players will get down to business promptly at eight o'clock. Governor and Mrs. William Tudor Gardiner have planned to be present if they can arrange time for it; in fact, the Governor has promised that nothing besides urgent and pressing business will prevent his attendance. Other notables are expected along with representative groups from all sections of Maine.

The Inn, Overnight Bungalows and The Lodge are ready for a busy season, and arrangements have been made to open the Inn next Sunday from noon until seven in the evening in order to take care of the large number of visitors who will wish to inspect the resort over the week end.

Railroad operating expenses, including taxes, in 1927, amounted to \$20,814 for each mile of road operated, while dividends to stockholders were but \$2,094 per roadway mile.—S. T. Bledsoe.

County News

UPTON

Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Juddkins and family motored to Weld Sunday to attend the wedding of her sister, Miss Mabel B. Sanborn to Oren Pendleton of Toleboro.

Fred and Albert Juddkins spent the week end with their grandmother, Mrs. Selma J. Sanborn, in Weld.

Millard Fraser spent Sunday with his children in Andover.

Mrs. Daisy Warren, Hollis Abbott, and Frank Vail have purchased new cars.

The Larger Parish meeting held at the church Tuesday P. M. was well attended. It was voted to have two permanent ministers in the field, the new one to be located at Upton.

Mrs. Mary Chase of Medford, Mass., one of our summer residents, has just arrived in town.

Mr. Montague has a crew of men at work building his summer cottage. Colon Fuller and family of Portland were week end guests of his father and brother.

George Deering was in Rumford last week.

WEST PARIS

The Helping Hands Class of the Federated Church observed Mothers' Day at the home of Mrs. Columbia Dunham Wednesday afternoon. Fifteen members and four children were present. A good program on Mothers' Day was enjoyed consisting of readings and music. A box of chocolates was presented Mrs. Dunham, the oldest mother of the class. Refreshments were served.

Miss Edwina Mann entertained ten little friends Wednesday afternoon at the home of her father, Edwin J. Mann, in honor of her eighth birthday. She received several nice presents and served two nice birthday cakes with the refreshments, which were made by her grandmother Mann and Mrs. Ida Mountford.

Mrs. Lewis M. Mann went to Portland Friday and spent the week end with relatives and friends.

The ladies of the Helping Hands Class made a very pleasant call on Mrs. Annie Willis Thursday evening, and presented her with a beautifully decorated Maybasket containing a lot of nice little gifts. Mrs. Willis was greatly surprised and pleased.

The Beantown Choir of Bryant's Pond gave a very pleasing entertainment Wednesday evening to a good sized audience.

Mrs. Esther A. Tuell and Mrs. Irvin L. Bowker of Portland came Saturday to visit Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Tuell. Mrs. Bowker returned home Sunday afternoon but Mrs. Tuell will remain for a longer visit with the Tuell family and other relatives.

Mrs. Dora Jackson is visiting Mrs. Addie Mann at Bryant's Pond.

Rev. and Mrs. George C. Smith will be tendered a reception by the members of the United Parish on May 23d, and the Universalist church people have been invited to attend.

Gertrude C. Mann was the week end guest of Mr. and Mrs. Abner Mann at Bryant's Pond.

J. Alton Dicknell has purchased Herman Linatta's farm on Curtis Hill. Mr. Dicknell owned and occupied this farm for a number of years.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman H. Wardwell left for Durham, N. H., Friday. Hebron Academy boys will enter a running match there and their own "Cubs" are one of them.

Mothers' Day was observed at the Federated Church with an impressive sermon by the pastor, Rev. George C. Smith, from the text, "The queens shall be thy nursing mothers." Isaiah 49:23.

Near the close of the sermon, a long and beautiful green wreath tied with white ribbon on the pulpit in honor of all mothers. There was special music, including a duet by Wendall King and Ruby Lane, entitled "Mother's Bible."

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mahera and daughter Frances of Lewiston, Mr. and Mrs. Luce and daughter Priscilla of New London, Conn., Mr. and Mrs. Ernest H. Jackson and son, Nolan, and Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Tyler of Norway were Sunday callers of Mrs. Emma Berry at H. B. Tuell's.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Penley of Portland spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Clara Hildon and sister, Mrs. Dora Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Tuell of Portland were Sunday guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Adna Tuell.

Miss Margaret Tuell, who is studying for a trained nurse at St. Barnabas Hospital, is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Adney Tuell.

Mrs. Mabel Mann spent the week end at Portland.

Mothers' Day was observed at the Universalist Church by a very able sermon by the pastor, Rev. Eleanor B. Forbes. Appropriate hymns were sung by the choir and beautiful memorial flowers adorned the front of the pulpit. Never have there been so many lovely flowers in memory of the departed mothers.

NORTH WATERFORD

Helen Stevens is boarding at Annie Hazelton's for a short time, while her grandmother, Mrs. Perley Rainey, is at North Lovell caring for Mrs. Leland Wilson and young son that was born last week, Monday.

Mrs. Marilla Marston returned from Fryeburg Saturday night, and left her daughter, Mrs. Sidney Hatch and son, who was born Thursday, very comfortable.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Haselton were at Albany, Saturday afternoon to attend the funeral of Elvin Kenniston.

Maude Allen and cousin, Maria Allen, of Lewiston, were guests of the former's mother, Mrs. A. B. Hazelton, from Friday night until Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Hazelton took them to Lewiston and stayed there over night.

Charles Marston, who has been at his sister's, Mrs. Eugene Andrews, came home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hatch and son, Kenneth, were week end guests of his grandmother, Mrs. M. J. Marston.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Hazelton, G. Maude Allen, Maria Allen and Helen Stevens were at the Hazelton farm in Albany, Sunday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Andrews also met them here. The first party named were also at Bishcetown calling on their aunt, Mrs. Lizzie Morse, who is in very poor health.

Elen Barker is living in Winfield McAllister's new bungalow.

Mr. and Mrs. Bertrand Hugg have gone to housekeeping in one of W. S. Perkins' rents over the store.

No more cases of scarlet fever reported.

Stanley, Marguerite and Agnes Brown are boarding at George Kimball's.

NORTH BETHEL

W. H. Powers returned home Saturday from Upton where he has been employed at the Birch Point Camps. Harold, Clarence and Allen Egan were Berlin visitors, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Foster spent the week end in Portland.

James Reynolds received a shipment of young pine trees for transplanting the last of the week.

H. A. Williamson of Upton was a business visitor in town, Saturday.

Frank Spencey returned home Thursday from Massachusetts where he has been working.

Paul Basse and C. A. Emerson were recent business visitors.

Fred Tyler and son, Walter, of Bryant Pond are hauling lumber from Sunday River to Bethel and Rumford for Curtis Co., and are loading with Mrs. Nettie Fleet.

Eva Nowlin returned to her duties at K. P. Wright's Sunday night after spending the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Nowlin.

Miss Hilda Fleet is assisting in the home of Mrs. Glenn Mason.

D. S. Curtis and Ed. Verrill were business visitors here Monday.

John Spencey of Crystal, N. H., spent Sunday at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chase and family of Rumford Falls visited at H. L. Foster's, Sunday.

Bert Brown's road crew were repairing the tarvin the first of the week. Dr. and Mrs. Howard E. Tyler and family of Norway were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Mason.

Mrs. L. I. Spencey spent Tuesday with Mrs. Perley Parker of Bethel.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo McAllister and son, Glenison, and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Moore were Sunday callers at Allen Walker's.

Reuben did not keep Friday as the teacher, Miss Helen Mauley of Mexico, returned to her home owing to a strained ankle she sustained through a slight fall.

Rob Bean has a crew of men repairing the Sunday River road.

A driver as been substituting for Moses Davis on the Star Route for the past week.

Miss Maude Walker is working for Mrs. Joe Spencey.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Sachorn visited at the Burgess Farm, Sunday.

Mrs. Nettie Fleet has completed her duties at R. M. Bean's and returned to her home.

Farmers are planting their early crops despite the cold weather and heavy rains.

Allen Walker has finished work at the N. S. Stowell Co. Mill.

Benton Bean received a shipment of young chickens recently.

Miss Isabel Foster of Gould Academy spent the week end with her parents. A large herd of cattle from Gilead, Bethel and North Bethel were driven to the Chase Hill pasture for the summer Friday.

F. W. Kenyon was in town Monday in the interests of the Wilbur Atkinson Co.

Charles Bean has been hauling birch wood from Sunday River to Bethel. Harold Brown returned to his work in Kingdom, Maine, Sunday night.

NORTH NORWAY

B. A. Cox has been visiting his son and family in Auburn for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Herriek and Guy Curtis of Noble's Corner, who have been spending a week in Dover, N. H., and Haverhill, returned home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. N. Cox and Mrs. Mabel Symonds, Noble's Corner, were in Oxford Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Benn of Albany were guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Judkins Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Linscott of So. Paris were guests of Mrs. Linscott's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Morse, Sunday. It being Mothers' Day, Mrs. Linscott presented her mother with a beautiful box of chocolates.

The French Brothers are spraying their orchard here at Swift's Corner. Ned Cox is attending court at Rumford as one of the jurors this week.

NORTH NEWRY

H. H. Morton and a crew of men are working on the Grafton Road.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Wight of Hallowell were Sunday callers at W. B. Wight's.

P. O. Brink and family of Bethel were calling on friends and relatives in town, Sunday.

Friends and relatives of Aunt Allie Eames were sorry to hear of her misfortune of falling and breaking her hip, recently.

Arnold Eames was in town the last of the week.

Frank Perren and Linthel Knapp of Byron were Sunday guests at L. E. Wight's.

Mrs. Edith Ranger is cleaning house for Mrs. Herbert Morton.

Five hundred trout four to six inches in length, which were assigned to L. E. Wight for Bear River and tributaries, arrived Sunday. Fred Wight and John Vail went to Auburn Fish Hatchery, Sunday morning after the fish, arriving home about noon. A number of men in town assisted in distributing the fish in the several streams.

Carrie Wight and Daniel Wight attended the annual meeting of the "Comrades of the Way", Saturday at Portland.

Deferred

Richard Baker and family spent the week end with their aunt at South Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Wight and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wight attended the Pomona Grange at West Bethel, Tuesday.

Mrs. Robert Cole was a guest at her parents here last week.

L. E. Wight and S. T. Tripp attended the bridge hearing at Newry Corner, Monday P. M.

The annual meeting of the "North Newry Religious Society" was held Monday night at the church. Officers were elected as follows for 1929: L. E. Wight, moderator; S. P. Davis, clerk; Ida Wight, Secretary and Treasurer. Susan Wight was chosen one of the trustees. It was voted to join with the larger parish again. Committee to confer with same: Fred Wight, S. P. Davis and Herbert Morse.

Mrs. Verna Carter and her mother, Master Albert King and Mrs. L. E. Wight were callers at Mrs. L. E. Wight's one day last week.

SONGO POND

The community was saddened Thursday to hear of the death of little Elvina Kenniston. He was a very bright, engaging young fellow. Funeral services, including a week in Dover, N. H., and Haverhill, returned home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. N. Cox and Mrs. Mabel Symonds, Noble's Corner, were in Oxford Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Benn of Albany were guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Judkins Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Linscott of So. Paris were guests of Mrs. Linscott's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Morse, Sunday. It being Mothers' Day, Mrs. Linscott presented her mother with a beautiful box of chocolates.

The French Brothers are spraying their orchard here at Swift's Corner. Ned Cox is attending court at Rumford as one of the jurors this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Donahue and two children were Sunday guests at Roy Cole's at Bryant's Pond.

Miss Ina Good and Mrs. Lena Libby of South Paris were week end guests of Mrs. A. B. Kimball.

George Morey and Richard Brown have taken a pulp job of Almer Kimball. George Morey is boarding at Charles Gorman's. Richard Brown is boarding with his sister, Mrs. Bert Grover, Bethel, and driving back and forth.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil McAllister of Norway were guests at her sister's, Mrs. Herman Brown's Sunday.

Silas Littlehale is spending a few days at Almer Kimball's.

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Deposits can be made when it is impossible to visit the bank in person.

Banking can be done by persons who are not at home during banking hours.

Checks need not be kept about the house but can be mailed to the bank as soon as received.

Deposits can be mailed for two cents. A trip to the bank costs more.

The account need not be moved when the place of residence is changed.

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Home Cured Bacon, by the strip, 25c lb.
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Kellogg's Corn Flakes 7 1-2c
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THE FOWLER RANGE OIL BURNER

THE FOWLER RANGE OIL BURNER has the following features, not found in other burners:

It is built for long life, the castings alone weighing approximately 25 pounds.

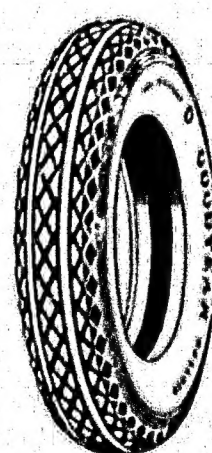
Has a 5 Gallon Galvanized Iron Tank, doing away with the small size, objectionable glass bottles.

Burner is equipped with a brass carburetor to regulate the flow. This is not used on other burners, and absolutely does away with air pockets in the oil line.

Lights without priming, and produces a high temperature flame very quickly.

The Fowler Range Oil Burner is built for long life. Compare its heavy castings, all brass fittings and needle valves with any other burner on the market, and judge for yourself the great difference in durability.

H. ALTON BACON
BRYANT POND MAINE



Every so often

something happens in an industry.

And you see one manufacturer in that industry shooting out ahead of all the rest.

That is happening in the tire industry right now.

And the company that's shooting out ahead in Goodyear.

Goodyear has the edge on the tire business—in prices, value, quality.

People are finding it out—the trade found it out some time ago.

That's why Goodyear sales are going ahead now at a pace never before equalled.

That's why we suggest you "get aboard" the next time you need tires.

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BETHEL,

MAINE

COUNT LUCKNER, THE SEA DEVIL

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by Lowell Thomas

"You must be mistaken," replied the officer. "This here ain't no Britisher." The officer was bewildered and suspicious, so ordered the Pass of Balmah to head for Hamburg. Leaving a German ensign aboard, he ordered that his submarine would follow close behind. Of course, this was a threat, for the U-boat soon vanished beneath the waves.

Now the ensign grew worried. Someone told him that everything was not all right on the Pass of Balmah. Had he known there were seven Britishers on board, he would have been still more worried.

"Captain," said he, "I am going to stay at your side all night and sleep here at night. I've a handgrenade here in my pocket. At night I am going to fix it so that if anybody opens the door of our cabin it will explode."

Apparently Captain Scott lost no time whispering to his mate. "Fasten the hatches and don't let those fishers come up. If they do, our case is cooked. Don't say anything to them, or there will be trouble. This man smells a rat."

So the prize crew in the hold was not there. Two days later, outside the entrance to the harbor at Cuxhaven, another party of Germans came aboard, so Captain Scott said to the boat ensign.

"You wanted to know what was going here? All right, now I'll show you." Then he opened the hatches and yelled for the Britishers to come. The tall officer of the Royal navy, eye blinking and the other beaming, put his head up first.

"I say, where are we now?" "You're in Germany. If you had your flag alone, everything would have been all right. But you are prisoners now."

So you see how the Pass of Balmah turned out to be unlucky for Englishmen and lucky for Germans. That was just the ship we wanted, by Joe.

Our hope was to run the blockade disguised as a neutral—a thing entirely fair according to the laws of war. Although on land a soldier must wear service uniform, at sea you can fly a neutral flag and wear ordinary seaman's clothes. But you must hoist your true colors before going into action with the enemy."

We altered that British-built Yankee ship from stern to stern, with concealed places for our guns, rifles, grenades, bombs, and other armament, with special quarters for prisoners, two ultra-modern 500 horse power motors to pull back on in case of calm or when in a big hurry, a tank holding 450 tons of fuel oil, another tank containing 450 tons of sweet water, and provisions for a cruise of two years.

In addition to 400 bunks for prospective "guests," I had special de luxe quarters made for "visiting" captains and mates. These were spacious cabins to accommodate two or three. We also designed a separate dining saloon for them, with an assortment of books and magazines in French and English, and a gramophone with late English and French records.

Then, of course, we had to arrange quarters for my crew of fighting men as well as for the regular sea crew required on a clipper of this size. Moreover, we had to do all this so it could not be noticeable to uninvited visitors.

When the work was done, below deck, the Pass of Balmah was an auxiliary cruiser, armed to the teeth. Above deck she was merely a pretty sailing ship loaded with a precious cargo of lumber.

Timber made the ideal cargo for our purposes, because a ship carrying timber loads her deck as well as her hold. The piles of lumber even cover your hatches, so no one can go below until you unfold. Hence no search crew could be likely to inspect us carefully.

sen. They would either order us to be killed, or let us go.

Norway exports lumber and Australia imports it. So we decided to use a Norwegian clipper bound for Melbourne. Having served on various Norwegian ships, I spoke Norse, and I knew I would have no difficulty in getting men for my crew who could speak it also. But first I had secret stowaways and hatches cut in the floor of

The closets in the officers' cabins, and another under the stove in the galley. From here I could see the converted American "three-master" into a mystery ship of trick panels and doors.

Of course, if an enemy patrol vessel picked us up, a special prize crew of half a dozen men would be put aboard us to make sure we headed for the right port. I would have sixty-four men of my own to handle the small prize crew.

Dinner time would come. I would say to the Britishers: "Gentlemen, may you dine well."

"Cookie," I would call, "serve up the best we've got."

On their way to my private captain's quarters, they would leave their coats and weapons in the vestibule, within sight and just out of reach.

Right in the middle of the meal, I would signal to my fighting men hidden on the lower deck. Seizing their rifles they would jump to their appointed places. At another signal, the crew above deck would clamber up the iron masts, open small secret doors, reach down into the hollow chambers where their arms and uniforms were hidden, and a moment later German jack-tars would appear where humble Norwegian sailors had been a moment before. We would not attempt to recapture our own ship dressed in civilian togs.

Although the floor of my saloon where the prize crew would be dining looked like any other floor, it was in reality an elevator! All I had to do was press a secret button hidden behind the barometer in the chart room. Presto! down would drop floor, prize crew and all.

Before a man Jack could jump for a weapon they would find themselves dining on the next deck below. With the difference that they now would be gazing down the barrels of twenty German rifles.

Then I would step forward, throw open my great-coat, and present myself as the skipper of a windjammer suddenly metamorphosed into the commander of an auxiliary cruiser.

And now, by Joe, suppose a British cruiser seized us and then we seized the British prize crew. Then suppose another cruiser should pick us up! We might have to do a bit of fighting maybe take to the boats with our prisoners and then sink our own ship. So we prepared for this by placing bombs where they could be touched off at a moment's notice. We had no intention of letting our raiders fall into enemy hands.

I felt that it was so important to keep all of our plans secret that I even fooled the workmen who were altering the ship. Had they known what we were up to, the rumor might have gotten out. There were spies everywhere. You must admire the British. They had a great espionage system, and they paid their spies well. We Germans were stingy. Bah! That was one reason we bungled.

So I told everyone, including the foremen, that the Pass of Balmah was being transformed into an up-to-date training ship, to be used in training mechanics' apprentices who later on were to run motors on submarines and zeppelins.

That still was to explain our two motors. The war had shown that German cabin boys were deficient in knowledge of nautical rigging. So I also announced that one purpose of this sailing ship was to give them a chance to learn a little about handling sails. As to the accommodations in the hold for prisoners, and the bunks for our big crew, I explained that these were to be for apprentices and cabin boys. I even put up signs marking off one part of the ship "for 150 cabin boys," another "for 50 apprentices," and so on.

It would have looked suspicious for a naval officer to be directing work of this kind with such infinite pains so at the ship yards I posed as Herr von Eckmann, Inspector of the naval ministry.

An old retired captain of the Ship Inspection service happened to be stopping in the same hotel. His love for his old profession caused him to take a most embarrassing interest in my work. One day, he met a bona

side ship inspector and asked him whether he knew me.

"Von Eckmann? Let's see, I know everybody in the service. There is no Von Eckmann on the roster."

"Then," blurted out the old captain, "he must be a spy. I always said he had a typically English face. I'll watch him."

Through mistake, two letters came for me without the usual cover address. Both of them gave my full name and rank. I argued with the head waiter, trying to get him to give me the letters for delivery to "my friend, Count Luckner." The old captain happened to be snooping near by, although I didn't know it. By now, anything I did was suspicious. He already had me humming and quivering as his country's arch enemy.

"What did that fellow want?" he inquired of the head waiter.

"He asked me to give him the letters for Lieutenant Commander Count von Luckner."

"Ha!"

I suspected nothing. That evening I took the train for Bremen. A detective entered my compartment and demanded my papers. I gave them to him.

"Count von Luckner," he exclaimed, astonished and embarrassed, "I must have made a mistake. I am looking for a spy from Geestemünde."

I grew worried. Could it be that enemy secret agents were watching the work on my auxiliary cruiser?

"Where was the spy reported?" "He lives at Beermann's hotel."

That was my hotel. The spy was watching me. I told him that I would take upon myself the responsibility of saying that there were the most urgent reasons why this spy must be caught, and that he must wire his principals that the utmost vigilance must be used.

"We already have the railroad covered at both ends. But we will increase our precautions," he replied. "The spy will surely be caught."

In Bremen at Hillman's hotel I was again stopped by a detective who demanded my papers. Again my papers confounded and bewildered him.

"The description of the spy fits you exactly," he said.

Once more I urged that the head quarters of the secret police be commanded to catch the secret agent at any cost.

At the Trocadero, I sat with a bottle of wine in front of me. A provost officer with two men in uniform came up to me.

"Come with us. You are under arrest."

I flew into a rage at these repetitions of stupidity, as I thought them to be.

"I am a naval officer."

"You are a spy. Come with us!" The usual spy mania spread throughout the restaurant. Blows were threatened, chairs were brandished, and there were shouts of "Kill the spy, kill him!" on all sides. If the officers hadn't fought the crowd off, I would have been badly beaten.

At headquarters I was shown a description and even a picture of myself. So there was no doubt but what I was their man.

"Under what name does this spy travel?" I demanded.

"Under the name of Marine Inspector von Eckmann."

"Why, I am he."

"But you just said you were Count von Luckner."

I was compelled, with great injunctions of secrecy, to take them into my confidence, and had them telephone the admiralty for confirmation. The crying old captain at Geestemünde soon took himself to other parts—by request!

As I explained, my plan was to slip through the British blockade as a neutral and if possible disguised as some other ship that actually existed. There happened to be a Norwegian vessel that was almost a dead ringer for the Pass of Balmah. She was scheduled to sail from Copenhagen. I decided that we would take her name, and sail the day before she sailed, so that if the British caught us and wirelessly to Copenhagen to confirm our story they would receive word that such a craft had left port at the time we claimed. This other ship was named the Maleta. For some time she had been discharging grain from the Argentine. From Denmark she was to proceed to Christiania and there pick up a cargo. Why not a cargo of lumber for Melbourne?

I went to Copenhagen, donned old clothes, and got a job as a dock laborer on the pier where the real Maleta was moored. That enabled me to study her. There was one thing that promised to be difficult to counterfeits. That was the log book. This precious volume contained the life his

tory of the Maleta, when she left the Argentine, what kind of cargo she carried, what course she steered, the wind, the weather, observations of sun and stars, etc., etc. That log book must be in the captain's cabin and I must have it. But a watchman was stationed aft, so how could it be done?

I discovered that the captain and both mates were still in Norway with their families. So it would be some days before the loss of the book would be noticed—if I got it.

So one night, in the uniform of a customs inspector, I stole aboard the Maleta. The watchman, as usual, was sitting near the captain's cabin. The ship was moored to the pier with ropes fore and aft. Steniously I tiptoed to the bow and cut the ropes, not quite through but almost. A stiff wind was blowing. The ropes cracked and broke. The ship swung around. The watchman ran forward shouting, and at the same moment I ran aft. "You blunder around the captain's cabin! I at first failed to locate the log. Finally, I discovered it under the skipper's mattress. Showing it beneath my belt, I slipped out."

On board now, and also on the pier, half a dozen men were shouting and throwing ropes to haul her back so she wouldn't slide-swipe a near-by ship. I joined in the shouting, pretended to help them for a minute, then I snatched the log to the dock and hurried off in the dark.

We now put on the final touches that were to turn the Pass of Balmah into the Maleta. We painted her the same color as the Maleta, arranged her deck the same, and decorated the cabins with the same ornaments. In my captain's cabin, I hung pictures of the king and queen of Norway and also of their joint relative, King Edward VII of England. The barometer, thermometer, and chronometer, and all the other instruments were of Norwegian make. I had a Norwegian library and a Norwegian photograph and records. We had enough provisions from Norwegian firms to last us through the blockade. It would hardly do to have any Bismarck herding, snicker-snort, and pretzels in sight if the British boarded us, would it?

The names of the sailors were inside my suits and my officers' suits were replaced with labels from Nor-

wegian tailors. On my underclothing we embossed the name of the captain of the Maleta—Knudsen.

I had learned in Copenhagen that a donkey engine was being installed on the Maleta. Very well, we got a donkey engine of the same make from Copenhagen and installed it on our ship. The log book of the Maleta was solemnly put in place, and the first entry was made, "Today put in a new donkey engine."

We got up our cargo papers in regular form, signed and sealed by both the Norwegian port authorities and British consul. We also had a letter signed by his majesty's consul at Copenhagen stating that the Maleta was carrying lumber for the use of the government of the Commonwealth of Australia. The letter requested all British ships to help us if any emergency arose. To prove that this document was genuine, it was even stamped with the British Imperial seal (made in Germany!).

I also had a letter which a British officer had supposedly written to my shipowner and which my shipowner had forwarded to me, warning us against German search officers, but advising us to place our trust in the British!

A sailor with the timeliness of the



Count Felix von Luckner.

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I also had a letter which a British officer had supposedly written to my shipowner and which my shipowner had forwarded to me, warning us against German search officers, but advising us to place our trust in the British!

A sailor with the timeliness of the

sea upon him nearly always takes with him on his voyages photographs of his people. Now the crews on British warships know sailor ways, so I inquired all about the procedure from captains of neutral ships who had had their ships searched. They told me that the British always inspected the toilet to see that everything looked right there. I immediately got together a lot of photographs to pass as those of Norwegian sailors' parents, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, sweethearts, wives and mothers-in-law. What did it matter whether the sweet hearts were good looking or not? Sailors' sweethearts are not always prize beauties. We sent a man to Norway for the pictures in order to have the names of Norwegian photographers stamped on them.

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THE FEATHERHEADS

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